NUMB. XXVI.

Heraclitus Ridens.

A Diſcourſe between JEST and EARNEST concerning the TIMES.

To be continued Weekly.

THURSDAY *July* 24. 1718.

Jeſt. MAY it pleaſe your Worſhip, good Mr. *Chair-man* for the time being, the Petty Conſtables, as required in our laſt Conference, have made their ſeveral Returns of the reſpective PAPER-STAINERS belonging to their Diviſions, and here's a Liſt of them, that would tire the moſt Talkative Clerk of a Seſſions his Tongue, in reading it over, that is now *wagging*.

Earneſt. Thou haſt play'd the *Scavinger* rather than the *High-Conſtable*, ſuch a *Dung-mixon* of Names, Characters, and Places of Abode was never, till now, thrown into a Catalogue.

Jeſt. Diſtaſt taken at Sight of Variety, is a moſt certain Indication of a foul Stomach: Have you it not in your choice to ſtrike out or admit whom you ſhall think fitting? Is not here a large Field to pleaſe your ſelf in? And are you not at Liberty to do it, in picking out your Men, as far as from the Scribes of the *Mint*, over *London-Bridge*, and through *Pye-Corner*, taking *Fleet-ſtreet* and *Holborn* in your Way, till you come to the Houſe of *Correction* in the Hundreds of *Tuttle*?

Earneſt. Moſt of them are ſo *incorrigible*, that *Tom Evans* his Diſcipline in the Place laſt mentioned will have little or no Effect upon them.

Jeſt. And yet the Title Pages of moſt of their driveling Performances have the *Second Edition* with *Amendments and Corrections*, in the Front of them.

Earneſt. That's a Trick well nigh worn out by the too frequent Uſe of it. It firſt took its Riſe from a Shop that has as little to do with the *Bible* that *hangs* out *for the Sign of it*, as it has with *Truth*, that always teſtifies the *Faithfulneſs* of the *Dyal* to the *Sun*; and afterwards got into Practice by other ſervile Imitators: Tho' I am told, that a certain Perſon who has been for ſome time paſt, the Sport and Abhorrence of the Town, for the Publication of obſcene and ſcandalous Writings after this manner of Way, has begun to take Shame to himſelf, and to ceaſe to act any longer bare-faced, by caſting ſome Irruptions of unchaſte Lights from his *Dyal* into *Shades*; and by making Sale of a Play, called *Love in a Veil*, the *Merits* of which *I ſhall not enter into*, but hope to

to be eſteemed very great, for the Sake of its *Author*, who has a Title to the Favours from a Nobleman of illuſtrious Blood.

Jeſt. You are entring into Digreſſions, when there is no need of them. You ſhould keep them in *Petto*, till a Dearth of Subjects comes upon us, and the ſcarcity of proper Materials to work with, puts us under a Neceſſity of *etching* out our Dialogue.

Earneſt. Nay then, if I break in upon you, you are left at your own Pleaſure.

Jeſt. Shall I *Skim* this Catalogue of Names for you, and fling aſide the Impurities, that riſe in the Scum of it?

Earneſt. Moſt willingly, for that's a dirty Work I would by all means rid my Hands of. Men of *Sonets* and *Madrigals*, that deal in *Murthers*, *Ghoſts*, and *Blazing Stars*, are to be left in the ſame Obſcurity from whence they came. Give me the Names of ſuch as make a Noiſe in the World, without the Vociferation of a *Half-penny a Piece*, and without ſeeming to ſtrugle to be taken notice of, have moſt deſervedly acquired it by the good Liking and Approbation of the beſt Judges of Wit and Senſe.

Jeſt. What think you of Mr. *Omicron* here? Is not he a goodly Perſon to look at? Are not his Works Voluminous enough to recommend him to the Bench for a Man of ſolid Argumentation and irreproachable Sincerity? Your Thoughts of him for an Advocate of Religion and Loyalty?

Earneſt. His Works ſay you? Were it not for the deceas'd Mr. *Manwaring* and the living Dr. *Hare* now Dean of *Worceſter*, he would never have had it in his Power to have ſet the whole Town of *Bridge-Water* together by the Ears, and embaraſs'd a Corporation, that, before he came among them, were in the ſtricteſt Amity among themſelves.

Jeſt. Then you intend to leave this indefatigable *Biographer*, who has written and *tranſcribed*, more Books and Pamphlets, than you'll have Leiſure to read, to the writing of his own *Life*; which for the Turns and Changes of it in anſwering his own Scribbles, will not be ſcanty of Diverſion and Entertainment. Your Thoughts of a Friend of his that is a Whole-ſale-dealer in printed Collections and Occurences, and Trades *by the Year* in the *Haberdaſhery* of *great* and *ſmall* Wares, from Paragraphs and Quotations drawn from the Papers of the Day and the Week.

Earneſt. E'en let him and his Comrade club *In-Nature* and *Invention* together in writing *ſecret Hiſtories*. I have nothing to ſay to either.

Jeſt. If a Writer of the Tranſactions of a Year is too bulky and full of groſs Humours for you. I have Two brace of Scribes here ready at Hand, that are at your Service by the Month. Thoſe, which are the Authors of the *Preſent State of Europe*, the *Political State of* Great Britain, *Mercurius Politicus*, and *Mercurius Britannicus*.

Earneſt. As for theſe Gentry of the Quill, the firſt of whom, if I am rightly inform'd is the Author of the *Poſt-Man*, a Perſon whoſe Morals and unexceptionable Conduct might qualify him for the Buſineſs his Name is ſet down in the Liſt for, I have little or nothing to object againſt him, except that the Prejudice he has imbibed from the Proceedings in *France*, againſt his Country-Men, the Refugees of that Kingdom, has prepoſſeſs'd him with a too favourable Opinion of the *Faction*, that is falſly called *moderate*.

Jeſt. If you are for a Paſſionate, thorough-ſtitch'd Writer, one that has Fire without Flegm, you can have no Objections againſt the Second, who is likewiſe a *French Proteſtant*. *Mr Boyer.*

Earneſt. As for his Religion, 'tis preſum'd he will not quarrel with any one upon that Article, but he that ſhall dare to call him a *Foreigner*, now he is *naturaliz'd*, which he has told us often and often, in his Political Pieces of *Patch-Work*, muſt expect from him ſomething very terrible he and his two other Brethren of the Month, are but as Ribs drawn out of the Side of the Preſent State of *Europe*, which if written after the ſame method, old *Jack Phillips* the firſt Writer of it took, would reduce them all three to their Primitive *Non-Entity*. In fine, I can by no means admit of this *Maitre de Lingues* for an Adverſary to Men whom he is altogether in League with, and for whom he is perpetually making uſe of Pen, Sciſſers Wafers, Wax, and all the means, the Pamphlets on both Sides of any Queſtion, put into his Hands; ſo that you muſt alſo ſtrike his Name out of your Liſt, as one that prefers half a Dozen Throws for a *lucky Main* at *Hampſtead Wells*, to a hundred of the beſt choſen *Texts* at the Chapel of *Belle-Size*.

Jeſt. You cannot ſay this of the *Third*, his Thoughts are quite otherwiſe turned, and with no

no common eaſe and Dexterity, from taking Part with Malignants in whoſe Principles he has been unhappily bred, employ'd in the Defence of that Church, to which, like another young *Hannibal* in his Infancy, he may be ſaid to be a ſworn and declared Foe.

Earneſt. Then, why does he continue to frequent Conventicles, and not to come into the Boſom of that Church, which opens her Arms to receive him? Why does he adhere to thoſe *Claſſical* and *Congregational* Aſſemblies, whereof he ſeems, by many of the Writings that goe by his Name, to be an Enemy to the Principles? Not but I'll let the Author of *Mercurius Politicus* paſs Muſter, for the good he has already done, and is yet to be expected from him; though I muſt deſire him not to keep his Friends in Suſpenſe for too *long* a *Time*, ſince his repeating theſe Words over and over, ſo very often: *But this muſt be left to Time*, &c. cannot but make ſome of them in Pain for fear of a Delay.

Jeſt. I have got you upon a Hank now. By approving of Honeſt *Dan*, you muſt do the ſame by *Walter Campbel* with his *Mercurius Britannicus*.

Earneſt. That is more than you know, their Poſitions are as contrary, as Light to Darkneſs, and it's next to an Impoſſibility, for you to make out your Aſſertion.

Jeſt. Common Report has made it out for me, and what every one ſays muſt be true; *viz.* that this very numerical *Twelve-penny Dan* is the very ſame individual Perſon with *Six-penny Walter*.

Earneſt. You muſt bring better Evidences, notwithſtanding the Style and Method of Writing ſeems to juſtify ſuch a Surmiſe, before I'll give any manner of Credit to a Report that has no other Ground for weight with me, but that it is *general*: And to give you an Inſtance that I diſagree with you and all the World in ſo unjuſtifiable an Aſſertion, tho' I have accepted the firſt, I give you my utmoſt Abhorence of the latter as one that being hawk'd about the Streets, when the *Committee* or the *Iriſh Man* is acted upon the Stage, ſhews whoſe Impreſſion he bears, and that he neither belongs to *GOD* nor to *CÆSAR*.

Jeſt. The Pamphlets of the *Month* are done with; come we in the next Place to thoſe of the *Week*, and the *Day*. Here's a Lad for you, honeſt *MIST*, the Author of the *Weekly-Journal*, or *Saturday's-Poſt*. A Man of Mettle, that is every Foot calling a *Spade* a *Spade*, and exerting himſelf *Tooth* and *Nayl* againſt all things that are wicked, immoral, or diſloyal, in Oppoſition to thoſe that are for ſapping or undermining the Foundations of our Eſtabliſh'd Conſtitution, both Eccleſiaſtical and Civil.

Earneſt. I have nothing to object againſt him, but wiſh him all manner of Succeſs in the Attacks, that yet ſhall be made by him and his Friends againſt the *Strong Holds* of Vice and Impiety, that are in theſe our Days ſo intrench'd and fortify'd, as almoſt to defy the Armies of the Living God. In a word, I take him with the ſame Readineſs and Alacrity, as I have the Author of *Mercurius Politicus*.

Jeſt. That's becauſe you cannot take one without t'other. But now you are in for a Fit of good Nature, you will not be ſo unkind as to raze out *John Applebee*, the *Original Weekly Journaliſts* Name.

Earneſt. Not I in Truth, provided he goes on with the Inſertion of ſuch Letters as he began his laſt with, and makes his Paper the Vehicle of ſound Doctrines, and coercive Reproofs, and keeps up to the Tenor of thoſe Injunctions that are therein preſcribed to and laid upon all his Readers, by his truly Chriſtian Correſpondent from *Oxford*. If my Memory fails me not, howſoever wanting in Knowledge I may be as to the Name or Perſon of his Author, the Proprietor of this laſt *Paper* being born in that City, has the opportunity of more Conveyances of this Nature from other Learned Hands of the ſame *Univerſity*; which if properly communicated to the Publick, as Time and Space ſhall allow, will obtain him that Encouragement, which his latter Performances ſeem to bid very fair for; and tho' 'tis almoſt impoſſible for any Printer, that moves in ſo low a Sphere, as to be under a Neceſſity of taking Relations upon Truſt, to have an Undertaking as *this*, be rank'd among the *Works* of faithful Hiſtorians; he will have this for his Satisfaction, and has already experienced by the Numbers that are ſold thereof; that as he contributes towards the Amuſement of the vulgar, by making them ſpend their waſt hours in the harmleſs and diverting Exerciſe of reading, ſo he will be in good Repute among thoſe of Birth, Knowledge and Condition, who by being

being gifted with a better Talent, have a due Regard and Reliſh for more profitable Methods of writing. Not that he himſelf is here to paſs unreproved, who is adviſed to take upon him the Cenſorſhip of others, but is to be told before we part with him, that the next time he makes a Nobleman's Chaplain repeat Verſes to King *George*, who never heard any thing like thoſe inſerted in his Journal of Saturday laſt, he ſhould take care to do Juſtice to the ſacred Office of the Clergy, by making them better, and to diſtinguiſh between a *Lampoon* and a *Panegyrick*.

Jeſt. Well — He's well enough off, and ſtands buff upon the Roll for a good and true Man — Here's worthy Mr. *Read* the *Whig* Journaliſts is next in turn for the ſame Favour.

Earneſt. Away with him to *Tom Bradbury's* Meeting — I'll have nothing to ſay to him or his foul-mouth'd Scribe, that licks up all the Filth of Obloqie, and Detraction to be thrown upon the moſt Venerable and moſt Orthodox Name. Puny Barbers, Coblers, and Tinkers, are the fitteſt Chapmen for them. Call a Baſket Woman or two to be preſent at their unediſying ſort of a Lecture.

Jeſt. Then here's a Name that will pleaſe you, the preſent Author of the *Weekly Packet*, who has ever kept Company with Men of Figure and Diſtinction: He always at the beginning of his Performances writes himſelf *E. B. Gent.*

Earneſt. And he has a juſt Title to do ſo; but I appeal to the World, whether he that has given us a new Edition of the *Verſion of Lucretius*, with an Addition of *Dryden's luſcious Tranſlations*, to fill up the Vacancies, which Mr. *Creech* for Modeſty ſake left open, is fit to enter the Liſts againſt Schiſm, *&c.* E'en let him write on, till he writes that poor mortal Paper into a perfect State of Death; he that will be in my good Graces muſt be one of another Sort of Genius than his.

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